

# Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By Elizabeth Lattimer.

I wonder what my suburban readers would say if I suggested that they raise rabbits as an effort toward economy? All one needs is an ordinary backyard and a little money to turn waste materials and spare time into food. Personally I know I'd never be successful, because I would get so fond of the little rabbits that I'd probably let them eat me out of house and home before I could retaliate by sacrificing one of them to the Sunday "chicken" pie.

Rabbits have always been an important source of meat in Europe, but in this country, until recently, few of them were eaten except during the winter hunting season. Conditions resulting from the great war have now awakened many Americans to the economic value of rabbits and more and more people each year are raising sufficient in their back yards to supply the family table. The flesh of the young domesticated rabbits is vastly superior in flavor and texture to that of the wild rabbits. It closely resembles the white meat of chicken.

A prolific ten-pound doe can easily raise in a year twenty young, which at five months will produce not less than fifty pounds of delicious meat. By means of compound hutches all this can be done on an area four by six feet. Half an hour of time a day, and some hay, roadside weeds, and refuse from orchards, garden, and kitchen, supplemented by a small quantity of grain, cover the cost of production. Raising rabbit meat for home consumption is a proposition for turning to account time, space, and materials which are ordinarily wasted.

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ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

to deal with reputable breeders and to examine stock before buying it.

### Feeding the Rabbit.

Rabbit raisers follow no uniform system of feeding rabbits. Some feed no green stuff, while others use all that is available. It is usually wise to avoid both extremes, but green feed must be used with more caution than is necessary with dry feed, and only the best of any kind should be used. This means particularly that spoiled, moldy, or dirty feeds are to be avoided as injurious to rabbits.

Clean oats (whole or crushed), bright well-cured hay, and a small portion of some kind of greens daily is the steady diet used in most rabbitries. Crushed barley may be substituted for oats; clover may be used with green oats or timothy hay; and the greens may consist of carrots, rutabagas, prunings from apple and cherry trees, and plantain, dock, burdock, dandelion, cauliflower, lettuce, or lawn clippings. Lawn clippings or other green grass should be clean and not fed when moldy or fermented. Dandelion tops and roots not only have a food value, but are useful on occasion because of their medicinal properties. A variety of feed is essential.

### This Letter Wins Today's Economy Prize.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER: To save a dollar I suggest you try my plan: 'tis of the best. Most everyone wears rubber heels and yet he always feels that his shoes are a little too tight to go without. But if you watch those heels with care and just as they begin to wear run over on the edge, you know they will all be heels. I have a few pairs of shoes, and I have found that your plan is the best. I have saved a dollar, too. Yours sincerely, MISS LOIS C. GODDARD, 112 Varnum st.

## The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

I HAVE scant pity for the chaps of hoary looks and gray; in fact, I hold years' grace in high esteem. I hold years' grace in high esteem. When people speak in tender style of grandpa's feeble gait, I listen but I have to smile; he's walked that way for quite a while, since he was twenty-eight. But grandpa knows an awful lot; he listens to their chat, and when it's cold or when it's hot he always gets the choicest spot, you bet your boots on that. Long since he lost his teeth and curls, he's very bent and thin; but, scoring bars that old age hurls, he kisses all the pretty girls; no wonder he can grin. Nor does he have to toddle out to visit any chap. When turning down a dance or rout, must he perform excuse spout? Not he. He takes his nap. No officers can tie him down for him no business cares. He dons his shabby dressing gown and with his good book settles down; he reads the softest chairs. His stories must be listened to, though they are gray with age you have to welcome 'em like new, and each time grandpa heaves in view give him the center stage. I sometimes think if froakish Fate should pause beside my door and say, "Well, things are going great, but still I'd like to have you state how I could please you more," I would make answer to the same in pointed words and few, like this: "Fate, things seem pretty tame; I think I should prefer the game if I were eighty-two." Oh, well, my time will come anon and I would have you see the pranks I'll play when youth is gone, for I will have a flock of fun when I am ninety-three.

### A Shot That Missed.

A candid friend said to Bowley, "Do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed Bowley, opening his eyes wide. "I don't," "Because your better half is stubbornness itself," said his friend. The jest pleased Bowley immensely, for he at once saw the opportunity of a glorious joke against his wife. So when he got home he said to Mrs. Bowley, "Do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat pityingly as she answered, "I suppose it's because you were born so."

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## Just Spring.



## When Hearts Are Trumps

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

"WHAT is the matter?" Robert Elliott asked, startled by the sudden change in his companion's manner.

"Oh, nothing, Bob—only I just happened to think," she paused.

"What?" the man asked. "Not that you do not care for me—you do mean that, Bob?"

"No—no—of course I do not mean that," she stammered. "But I just happened to think—well—of something else, that's all. You see, Bob, I am really a poor girl."

He laughed in relief and tried to draw her again to his breast, but she resisted.

"Listen!" he commanded. "You must listen! It is only fair that you should. I have no money of my own—I am absolutely dependent upon Uncle and Aunt for everything."

"As if that mattered!" Robert exclaimed. "Why, dear, I have never heard of a girl who was rich and poor—or—and I do not care to know anything about it."

"But I must know," she insisted. "I mean—Bob—are you sure you are going to have enough money to support me. Are you sure?"

He looked at her in surprise. He had never heard her speak like this before. She had always seemed utterly oblivious of money and what it stood for. What did this questioning mean?

"Why, Bob?" he said slowly. "I explained to you that I had not told you sooner of my love for you because I did not feel I had the right to do so until I saw some immediate prospect of my having money enough to marry on."

"I do not mean that I can give you all the luxuries you now have, dear. I can take good care of you."

"I am not thinking of luxuries," she insisted, her fingers twisting one another as she tried to make him understand. "I am afraid to tell what was on my mind. But, Bob, as I said, I have no money—and it would not be fair for me to keep on depending on Uncle Arthur after I was married. Don't you see that it would not?"

A Wrong Impression.

Elliott uttered a smothered ejaculation. "Good heavens, Bob! Do you suppose that I am that kind of a man? Do you fancy I would let your uncle, or anyone else—"

She checked him by laying her fingers on his lips.

"Sh—sh—so loud! Auntie might hear us. Sit down here, Bob," seating herself on a veranda-bench, "and let me try to say what I must."

Dumbly he did her bidding.

"Bob," she faltered, "the reason I spoke as I did just now is because I know that Auntie feels it would not be fair to Uncle Arthur if I was always a burden to him."

"A burden!" the man interrupted. "Is that what she said?"

"Perhaps that was not her actual word—and she did not mean to be unkind. But until then I had never realized that Uncle Arthur is getting old, and that if I were to stay poor I should have to keep on doing things for me."

"If you continue to live here, you mean?" Robert asked.

"Yes, or—well, a desperate effort to marry a poor man."

Robert did not speak for a minute. He was thinking hard. Was this the kind of thing this girl had been told by Miss Cynthia Paige—that she must marry a man who would make her entirely independent of her relatives? Well, later he, Robert Elliott, could make her independent of them. He wished he might do so now. Yet—unless Barbara really loved him—

"Barbara!" turning upon her with

## Do You Know That—

Explosive shells, which were fairly successful, appear to have been used by the Dutch as long ago as 1588.

Attaining a length of as much as thirty feet at times, the anacanda is a native of Brazil and Guiana.

The Mississippi alligator, found in the Southern States of North America, attains a length of sixteen feet.

More than 50,000 people have returned to the ruins of Rheims, where they are mostly living in the miles of wine cellars.

Fire is extinguished much more quickly by salt water than fresh.

It is a singular fact that, while hares are excellent swimmers, rabbits cannot swim.

An elm tree will live six hundred years; it is said to be in its prime at a hundred and fifty years old.

## THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS



WHEN THE SKIPPER WAS MOVING AUNT HESTER BELL LAST WEEK A TIN WASH TUB FULL OF BOOKS FELL OFF AND ONE OF THE BOOKS WAS AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF FAMOUS BEAUTIES OF THE FRENCH COURT.

# Presidents and Pies

An Interesting Account of Washington People of Yesterday and Today By the Wife of the Well-Known Diplomatist

By Mrs. Larz Anderson.

But what a change since then—racial, social, convivial!—crowded streets, clubs, hotels—and constant extravagant entertaining at the houses of millionaires and at the different embassies!

Although the British have been represented by several ambassadors during the past twenty years, I doubt if any has been more popular than Lord Pauncefoot, who was in Washington when I first came. Ambassador Bryce, of course, stands out prominently, and so does Lord Reading. Among other diplomats who have remained for a number of years and are much liked are the French, H. E. Monsieus Jussarand; the Spanish, H. E. Monsieus Riano; the Danish, Monsieus Brun; and the Portuguese, Viscount d'Alte. The Austrian ambassador, Baron von Hengelmuller, was also here a long time, and Count von Bernstorff, whom people liked as cordially before the war as they despised him after it. The embassy functions were always sure, of course, to be different from any others. There was, for instance, a stiff dinner at the British embassy, where we entered the big drawing room and a number of people standing about in a circle, all dead silent, and not one familiar face. After shaking hands with the hostess we joined this impenetrable group and watched the next arrivals go through the ordeal which we had just survived. At last a friendly face appeared and the spell—for us at least—was broken. I went in with the minister, just as we were from Canada, gray-haired, quite deaf, and with a legal mind if there ever was one. I met a South African millionaire and some Congressmen, but the guests were principally South Americans with their plump and pretty wives.

Beside me sat the Swedish minister, who really was very interesting. Perhaps the wealthiest man of his day in Sweden—he owned factories over there which supplied America with elevator ropes and piano strings—he was an extraordinary character. At twenty-five he had been a gay lieutenant in the army, but he and his wife became interested in General Booth, so they joined the Salvation Army and were its unsung heroes for eleven years, working among the poor and giving them the interest of their money. His excellency almost converted me to the cause, for his enthusiasm still glowed. Apparently his interest in social and domestic problems had never flagged. He told me that when the people in his factories became old, they were transferred to lighter work. But even so there must have been difficulties, for he said that our labor troubles (or what we called labor troubles then) did not compare with those of Sweden, and that the discontent generally began in communities where there was no church, the people becoming irreligious and socialist. We dined very pleasantly with him later at the Swedish legation, where he wore his own native costume of gay striped skirts and black bodices, were a picturesque feature.

Interesting Diplomatic Folk.

Another fascinating foreign household helped to make Washington cosmopolitan. The Count de Buisson, the Belgian minister and his wife. He hopped about like a charming little bird, with his white spats and pipe. The German nurse brought the new baby down for us to see—it was in swaddling clothes such as I had never seen before, all tied up with bows of pink ribbon. Hardly had she taken the toy away again when the French butler informed us that the Countess was hungry. One of the servants was a superbly costumed Moor who waited on table; they had brought him from Tangier, and he spoke in both Arabic and French. Dining at the Japanese embassy was not so unusual an experience as might have been expected, for the establishment was quiet and cozy. The ambassador had been educated at Bryn Mawr and spoke excellent English; clad in a formal evening dress and wearing a diamond tiara in her hair, she revealed us most charmingly. The secretary's wife also spoke our language. Before that I had seen very few Japanese women who spoke any English at all. The Italian ambassador was there, and the Dutch minister, both magnificent in their uniforms, for they were dressed to go on to a reception at the White House.

One night we went to a dinner party to meet T. H. Prince and Princess Fushimi. I was taken in by a most delightful Japanese gentleman who spoke nothing but Japanese and Chinese, but he had so much of the Japanese like to laugh and joke even more than most of us.

All Looked Alike.

Very different was a reception given a Chinese prince by the Chinese ambassador. There were at least eight men in the line, all wearing their beautiful native costumes, and at first one could not decide which might be the prince; but it turned out that the first man was the interpreter, the next the ambassador, and the third—taller than the others and stouter—His Royal Highness. Only one or two of the group spoke English, but they shook hands in American fashion, and if they couldn't speak they could at least bow and smile. But they were not so jolly as the Japanese.

A little to one side stood the ladies of the party. I had never seen so many Chinese women together at a foreign reception. They wore trousers and straight embroidered jackets in rich and brilliant colors, and the slippers on their tiny feet were of satin. The ladies did not look frightened in the least, but behaved very much like bright-eyed, self-possessed dolls, in their paint and their many-colored garments. I thought them very alien and impenetrable then, but later, when, during my stay in the Far East, I had a chance to know the Orientals better, I came to the conclusion that they were not so different from the rest of us after all.

Of still quite another sort was an American Indian party, a most original and amusing affair, given one evening at a country place outside of Washington. Mrs. Stevenson, whom we had known out in Zuni land, had brought me a corn-maiden's dress of white with black and red, and I wore moccasins, beads, and bracelets, and had my hair dyed and decorated with feathers. Mrs. Clarence Edwards also had a correct costume which had been given her by Frank Millet, the artist. I, clad in a mask and a blanket, with a bottle of whiskey and a sign, "Lo, the poor Indian," was one of the best.

Scene of Realism.

The band was playing plaintive Indian music when we reached the place. By the light of the setting sun it was great fun to watch the other guests arriving on horseback—cowboys and cowgirls and Indians giving war whoops. To lend a touch of realism there were some "honest and true" Indians among them, too—I wondered what they thought of it all. As the afternoon faded, the trees became starry with colored lights and the tents were illuminated. Pistol shots rang out into the night, and we all danced madly about a great bonfire.

On another occasion some theatricals were given in an artist's house, a queer, low-ceilinged structure of a style called Spanish, with only a few dim lights hung here and there. Incense curled about us and blurred the weird sketches of wild-eyed people who peered down from the walls and danced and sang about, running into mirrors and each other.

I am sure the house had never been dusted, and it smelled as if it had never been aired. Even the tapestries on the walls were musty and the air reeked with perfume. In the center of a room in which we eventually found ourselves, several more or less handsome ladies, with bare feet were posing and whirling rhythmically. It was all quite unusual, but highly diverting. At that time barefoot dancing was a thing of the past, and this party caused considerable talk.

Calling occupied almost every afternoon. The Cabinet ladies received on one day, and the Senators' wives on another. Ambassadors still another. On New Year Day I stayed at home in Southern fashion and served some delicious milk punch. Possibly the milk was its virtue sprang for I think every man in Washington dropped in that afternoon.

When I had a quiet moment, which was not often, I loved sitting in our winter garden, surrounded by palms and red azaleas. A little bronze faun peeped out from among the flowers while clear water trickled into a plate of yellow alabaster where tiny goldfish and a pair of inquisitive parakeets fluttered about in the sunshine.

With spring the magnolias blossomed everywhere and the warm air was full of the scent of budding flowers. In our walled garden at the rear of the house the crocuses came and went, the violets and pansies, the pink, blue-centered tulips, and the delicate carnations. The Japanese peach trees seemed to bloom in a night and fade in a day. Before we knew it, the green leaves of the pin oak were giving shade so that we could sit under it and enjoy the scented peonies and anemones, and watch the progress of the budding roses. In springtime Washington is like fairyland.

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## A Natural Conclusion.

Little Adeline had never seen her Aunt Jemima, and was delighted when she heard she was coming on a visit. On the day when the aunt was expected, however, a telegram was delivered at Adeline's home which read: "Miss Jemima will start at same time tomorrow." When her mother read out the telegram Adeline burst into tears. "Why, darling," cried the mother anxiously, "what in the world is the matter?" "Oh, mother," replied the child between her sobs, "Auntie says she will start the same time tomorrow, and if she does she will lose her train again, won't she?"

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## BOOKS

MERCIER. By Charlotte Kellogg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Here is a story of the fighting cardinal of Belgium told by a woman who observed him at close range during the years of the German occupation. Mrs. Kellogg worked with the Commission for Relief for Belgium, and the opportunity she had of obtaining first-hand from the hero-priest his experience in combating the invader make the volume of high practical value.

With the first onrush of the German army against Liege, Cardinal Mercier stepped into the breach to protect his flock of 7,000,000 against an empire that destroyed the "scrap of paper" that Belgium.

The author faithfully depicts the fine dignity with which the prelate defied the oppressor and saved the Belgian people in their bodily enslavement from mental and spiritual subjection to the Germans. The king was in exile fighting to regain his country. The cardinal was virtually a prisoner in his palace at Malines, but even the close espionage directed from Berlin failed to check his repeated denunciations of brutalities and as a prince of the church his rights in speaking to his advising his people could not be successfully curtailed. He spoke against the atrocities, and his words were echoed around the world.

Some intimate details of the dissemination of his pastoral letters which buoyed up a nation during four terrible years are given in the book for the first time.

FRAGMENTS. By Fannie May Barbee Hughes. Boston: Christopher Publishing House.

A small volume of essays on various topics, containing the startling information that "Madame Bovary" was written by Gustav Thaubat, and Homer was a Latin poet. Six verses appended are in every way up to the standard of the rest of the book.

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